



Arcs Prose Poetry Anthology

Issue 1; 2016

Arcs Prose Poetry Anthology 2016

Editor
Anwer Ghani

Arcs Prose Poetry

Anthology 2016

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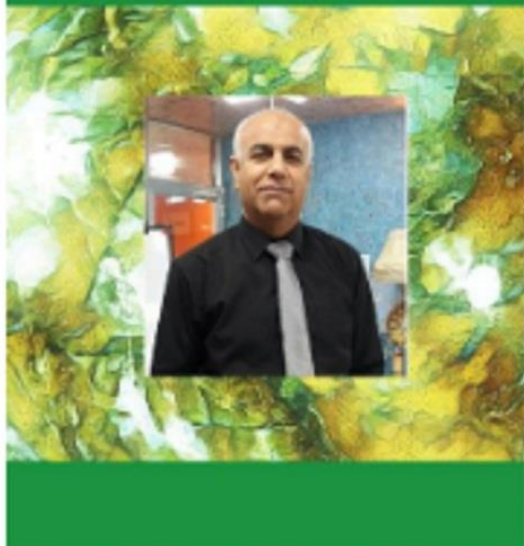
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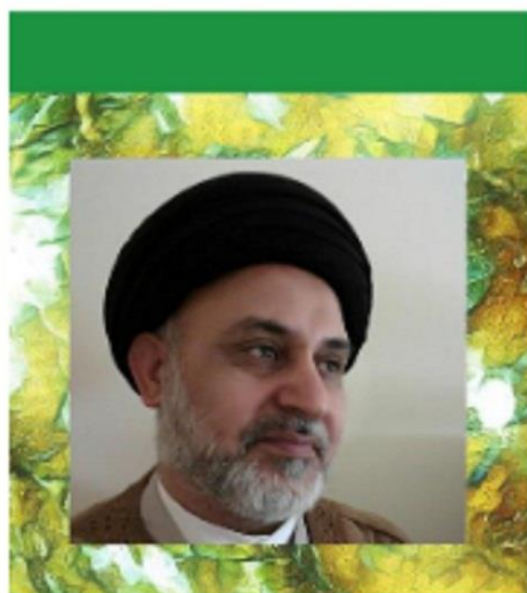
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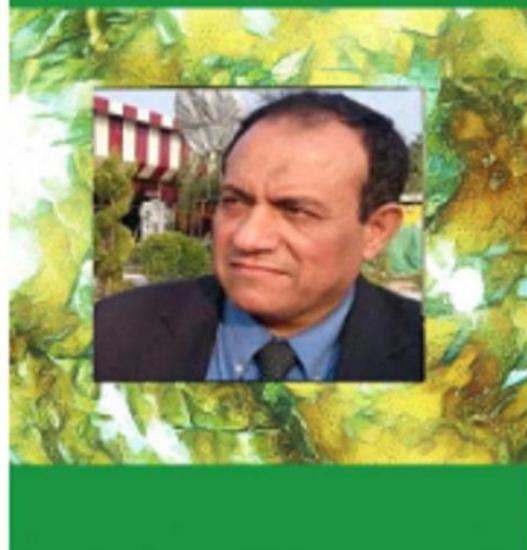
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Arcs 1, 2016

JUST PROSE POETRY

From 2016 Arcs is a magazine of prose poetry. It is produced by Prose Poetry Society.

contact
arcsprosepoetry@gmail.com



JUST PROSE POETRY

Arcs is a magazine of prose poetry. It is produced by Prose Poetry Society. The Historical First announcement in 2016. Arcs is a digital prose poetry magazine with annual anthology.

Arcs is a specialized prose poetry magazine had been released by Tajdeed Institute for Literature and Arts in December 2016 in Iraq; Baghdad.

We are seeking the prose poem in English and in a horizontal shape with sentences and paragraph; in one block without breaking exactly as prose piece. We like narrative lyricism where complete poetry emerges from complete prose; where the superficial structure is prose but the deep structure is poetry.

Editor
Anwer Ghani , Iraq

Anwer Ghani is an award winner poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes and he is the author of more



Arcs 1

December 2016



William S. Peters, Sr

USA



This Thing

William S. Peters, Sr

I know not what curious factors compel me to hold you in my thoughts each day, all day. I anticipate with longing each moment we share whether it be speech or your presence. I neither know not what drives and directs me to sit and exact this communication revealing my inner self in such a manner. I have long learned the incrimination of putting one's feelings in writing, but I care not. All too often the things I desire to say, I lose courage to say, and the words melt away in to the abysmal nothingness that abides with us all. All too often in life there are moments and experiences that acquaint us with something or someone special, and we do not comment. To not at least acknowledge that our souls have been touched, stirred or moved is a sin against life itself. It is holding all that is dear in life in disdain. I, as we all do, know and understand the rules of man and social structure and it's condemning nature for what it can not accept, understand or control..... well . . . This Thing is of a non conforming nature within the structure that wishes to erect the edifices of it's own greatness only to pass into history as a time that used to be. This Thing is timeless, universal and cares not of the rules that are set upon the table before itself to abide by. This Thing existed long before man could utter his desire for order and conformity. This Thing fractures the rules by which we so vehemently deny ourselves and our divinity. This Thing cares not save for the opportunity to share itself with another.... Unabashed.... Uninhibited.... and Unrestrained.! This Thing will either be our undoing or our salvation in this life...but in the infinite misunderstanding of our existence, This Thing is all that there is. This Thing is the Mother of all that exists. It is the relationship between all living things.... each of it's own kind. As we develop in our consciousness we come to understand and accept that we are all connected and interdependent, for all is one. I have encountered thee and I aspire to thee to become one with thee. For This Thing I will suffer the indulgences of a finite society, for my cause is timeless. This Thing have brought thee through many histories and lifetimes and we shall go forth with much more.... for I am but a servant. Thou has awakened in me this Thing that has lied so dormant for too long. I acknowledge the grandeur of This Thing I have found in thee, for This Thing is Love !



Fareed Ghanem

Palestine



Overcrowding

Fareed Ghanem

Just now we've concluded the conquest of Constantinople. It took us fifty three seconds, the time between two cigarettes and two hallucinations. Then, we came back. The city inflates at night. Noisy lamps, stained by excrement of last summer's beetles, sweep the shadows out of the roads. Piazzas become overcrowded by humans, screens by words. White birds scream in the illuminated evening. Night mimics day and deprives sparrows of sleep. I withdraw to the trunk of an indifferent tree, climb through its phloem up to a leaf just about to fall, so I might have a break out of the exhausted horses, and write down whatever I wish.



Kareem Abdullah Iraq



Whenever I Call You, My throat Gets Perfumed

Kareem Abdullah

This ether bears the perfume of your images, blossoming alone in my eyes' night, raining with abundant dreams, in whose new springs swim the voices of my blooming youth. How could I collect the sprinkle of your eyes while these stars beseech for washing their darkness by the blueness of your shores. Flower coronas stand every morning at your window, waiting the moment you get up to grant them the perfume. Flocks of birds land down on your table, hoping that crumbs of your voice would make them sing very softly. Even your clothes in their cupboard are impatiently waiting your soft fingers to caress them so that they dance playfully and recover their glittering. Only your name uncovers me, since before I call you my throat gets perfumed, its strings play the symphony of this love, and all the women who went into my bosom through the hole of a needle, went out with exhalation, lamenting their bad luck. Only you swing back and forth by my veins, and so increase the pulse of my wordbooks, in order to write you an eternal poem. Oh, my fingers, whenever they touch the shyness of dew in your cheeks, it sprouts as a wail defying your crazy quake; you rain heavily on me, every night, purify me of my savagery, flap over my rivers with the wings of longing, and go deep into my cities.

Translated from Arabic by Fareed Ghanem



Anwer Ghani

Iraq



A Farmer Anwer Ghani

I am an old farmer; my skin has been made from this earth's perfume. I grew between its legumes as a butterfly. Look at Euphrates; he doesn't know any spite. With his brown garment, he has descended as a desert cavalier so you see all these sands cover his face. Also, I will tell you about Uruk; the sleepy city and its foundations which has been built by the seven wise men. Come here, look at my palms and see how they are coarse like our trees. Because of this, you find the darkness sits in that corner with its icy dress and kills our children.



Faleeha Hassan

USA



Three Who Can't Smile Today

Faleeha Hassan

The Mother waves farewell to her son now who is getting ready to go to the war, and the soldier is running down toward the gate of the war. And I a little girl watching from my window my grandmother sheds tears when she waves farewell to my father and I sigh for them.



A'adel Kassem

Iraq

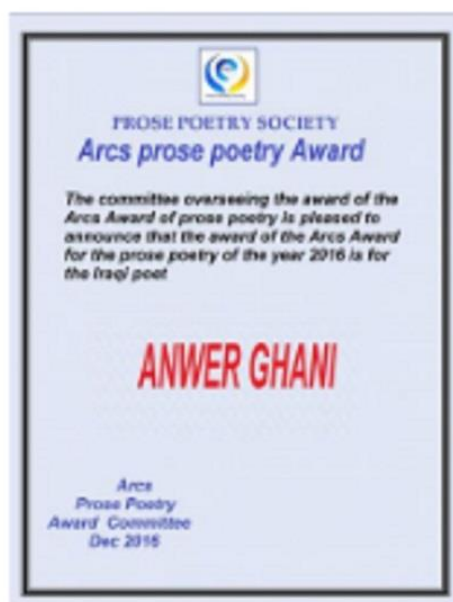


The Horror

A'adel Kassem

Once, at a winter night, I was raving out of fever, seeing a crowd of ordinary people, heavily armed by their swords and thick beards, cutting the way of passers-by in the city alleys, breaking through into clay houses emptied of their inhabitants. I was running, despite my old age, at remote huts, fearful of their valor. I recalled that I didn't take my sons and wife with me. When I decided to go back, I saw a very old seed astonishingly laughing at my naivety. This, because there were no door nor windows, but columns of nudes, above their heads colored cranes wavering, where inscribers with white robes, azure skies and charming music, maybe The Requiem Mass*, and a clamour similar to the voice of mob, mixed with artillery echoes, while I've lost the way amidst fever and horror.

Translated from Arabic by Fareed Ghanem.



Prose
Poetry
Society
Arcs
Award
Prose
Poetry
2016
Anwer Ghani is
the winner



PROSE POETRY SOCIETY
Arcs prose poetry Award

*The committee overseeing the award of the
Arcs Award of prose poetry is pleased to
announce that the award of the Arcs Award
for the prose poetry of the year 2016 is for
the Iraqi poet*

ANWER GHANI

*Arcs
Prose Poetry
Award Committee
Dec 2016*

ARCS 1
Dec 2016



Submission

Arcs is an annual prose poetry magazine with e-book and paperback editions in December every year. Prose poetry in our definition is poetry has been written in sentences and paragraphs, no rhymes, no rhythms and no breaks.

online site: <https://arcsmagazine.blogspot.com>

We are seeking the prose poem which has been written in English and in sentences and paragraph, (horizontal as prose piece) with the narrative lyricism where the complete poetry emerges from the complete prose. Here is the place of narrative poetry lover. Here is the world of narrative lyricism. For submission, please send 2-5 prose poems in word document with short biography and new picture.to the following email:

arcsprosepoetry@gmail.com

We receive submissions around the year.

Anwer Ghani

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